

THE  
Wonderful Preservation  
OF  
GREGORY CROW  
BEING  
SHIPWRECKED  
UPON THE

COAST  
OF  
KENNENT  
Shewing how this poor man threw away his  
Money, saying if it pleased God to preserve him, he would  
likewise find him sustenance; and that his whole care was to  
preserve the New Testament he had, by putting it into his  
Bosome.

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**I** Think it neither unseasonable, nor altogether unprofitable to give the world a true and impartial relation of one G. C. marvellously preserved with his New Testament upon the Seas for some days, whereby they may learn to marvel and muse at the wonderful and unsearchable work of the Lord; For, *They that go down (saith the Psalmist) into the sea, labouring upon the water, have seen the works of the Lord, and his mighty wonders upon the deep, Psal. 106. &c.* The Truth whereof may well appear in the following relation, being signified to me in a Letter from one Thomas Morse related to the said G. C. the Contents whereof are as followeth.

Upon Tuesday after *Whitsunday*, a certain poor man, whose name was Gregory Crow, dwelling in *Maulden*, went to the sea, minding to have gone into *Kent* for Fulling-earth, but by the way, being foul weather, was driven upon a sand, where presently the Boat sunk, and was full of water, so that the men were forced to hold themselves by the Mast of the Boat, and all things that would swim did swim out of her. Amongst which Crow saw his Testament in the water, and caught it and put it in his bosome. Now it was ebbing water, so that within one hour the Boat was dry, but broken so as they could not save her; but they went themselves upon the sand (being ten miles at the least from the land) and there made their prayers together, that God would send some Ship that way to save them (being two men and one boy in all;) for they might not tarry upon the sand but half an hour, but it would be flood. In the which time they found their chest wherein was money to the sum of five pound  
fix



six shillings and eight pence, the which mony the man which was with the said *Crow* ( whose name I know not ) took and gave it unto *Crow* who was the owner thereof, and he cast it into the sea, saying, If the Lord will save our lives he will provide us a living, and so they went upon the Mast, there hanging by the arms and legs for the space of ten hours, in the which time the boy was so weary and beaten with the sea, that he fell off and was drowned.

And when the water was gone again, and the sand dry, *Crow* said to his man, it were best for us to take down our Masts, and when the flood cometh we will sit upon them, and so it may please GOD to bring us to some Ship that may take us up. Which thing they did, and so at ten of the clock in the night of the same *Tuesday*, the flood did bear up the Mast whereupon they sate.

And upon the *Wednesday* in the night the man died, being overcome with hunger and watching. So there was none left but this *Crow*, who driving up and down in the sea, called upon God as he could, and might not sleep for fear that the sea would have beaten him off.

So at length I my self (said *Thomas Morfe*) being laden to *Antwerp* with my Crayer, going from *Lee* upon *Friday*, having within my Crayer Mariners and Merchants, to the number of 46 persons, and so coming to the Foreland, the wind was not very good, so that I was constrained to go somewhat out of my way, being in the afternoon about six of the clock, where at last we saw a thing a far off, appearing unto us like a small buoy, that Fishermen do use to lay with their hooks.

When we saw it, some said, Let us have some fish. And I said to him that was at the helm; Keep your course away, for we shall but hinder the Fisherman, and have no Fish neither, and so at my commandment he did. But at length he at the helm standing higher than all we did, said, Methink Master, it is a man. But yet they, being in doubt that it was but a Fishers buoy, turned the Ship from him again to keep their course.

*Crow* beholding the Ship to turn from him, being then in utter despair, and ready now to perish with watching, famine, and moreover miserably beaten with the seas, at last took his Mariners cap from his head, and holding up the same with his arm, as high as he could, thought by shaking it as well as he might, to give them some token of better light.

Whereupon the Steeresman more sensibly perceiving a thing to move, advertised us again, declaring how he did plainly see a mans arm; and with that we all beheld him well, and so came to him and took him up. And as soon as we had him in our Ship, he began to put his hand in his bosome; and one asked him if he had money there. No, said he, I have a book here, I think it be wet; and so drew out his Testament which we then dried. But the sea had so beaten him, that his eyes, nose, and mouth were almost closed with salt, that the heat of his face and the weather

ther had made. So we made a fire and shifted him with dry clothes, and gave him *Aqua Composita* to drink, and such meate as was in the Ship, and then let him sleep.

The next day we awaked him about eight of the clock in the morning, and his blood began to appear somewhat in his flesh (for when we took him up, his flesh was even as though it had been sodden, or as a drowned mans is) and then we talked with him of all the matter before rehearsed. And so sailing to *Antwerp*, the Merchants which saw the thing published the same in *Antwerp*; and because it was wonderful, the people there both men and women came to the Ship to see him many of them. Some gave him a Peticoat, and some a Shirt, some hose, and some money (always noting how he cast away his money, and kept his book.)

And many of the women wept when they heard and saw him. And Master Governour of the English nation there had him before him, and talked with him of all the matter; and pitying his case, commanded the Officer of the English house to go with him to the free Host houses amongst the English Merchants, and I with them, and at three houses there was given him six pound ten shillings. And so from thence he went with me to *Rome*, where the people also came to him to see him, marveling at the great works of God.

And thus much concerning this poor man with his New Testament preserved in the Sea (which Testament the Popes Clergy condemneth on the land): ye have heard, as I received by the relation of the party abovenamed, who was the doer thereof, and yet alive dwelling in *Lee*, well known to all Merchants of *London*. In which story this by the way understand, good Reader (which rightly may be supposed) that if this poor man, thus found and preserved in the Sea with a New Testament in his bosome, had had instead of that a Pixe with a consecrated hoste about him, no doubt it had been rung ere this time all Christendome over for a miracle, so far as the Pope hath any land.

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